

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUME XXII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, FEBRUARY 7, 1866.

NUMBER 49

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Wednesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance; and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements at the rate of one dollar per square for the first week, and fifty cents for each subsequent week.

Job Printing

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks.....\$2 00

One square, one month..... 5 00

One square, six months..... 15 00

One square, one year..... 25 00

One-half column, one year..... 15 00

One column, one year..... 30 00

Two columns, one year..... 50 00

Three columns, one year..... 75 00

Four columns, one year..... 100 00

Five columns, one year..... 125 00

Six columns, one year..... 150 00

Seven columns, one year..... 175 00

Eight columns, one year..... 200 00

Nine columns, one year..... 225 00

Ten columns, one year..... 250 00

Eleven columns, one year..... 275 00

Twelve columns, one year..... 300 00

Thirteen columns, one year..... 325 00

Fourteen columns, one year..... 350 00

Fifteen columns, one year..... 375 00

Sixteen columns, one year..... 400 00

Seventeen columns, one year..... 425 00

Eighteen columns, one year..... 450 00

Nineteen columns, one year..... 475 00

Twenty columns, one year..... 500 00

Twenty-one columns, one year..... 525 00

Twenty-two columns, one year..... 550 00

Twenty-three columns, one year..... 575 00

Twenty-four columns, one year..... 600 00

Twenty-five columns, one year..... 625 00

Twenty-six columns, one year..... 650 00

Twenty-seven columns, one year..... 675 00

Twenty-eight columns, one year..... 700 00

Twenty-nine columns, one year..... 725 00

Thirty columns, one year..... 750 00

Thirty-one columns, one year..... 775 00

Thirty-two columns, one year..... 800 00

Thirty-three columns, one year..... 825 00

Thirty-four columns, one year..... 850 00

Thirty-five columns, one year..... 875 00

Thirty-six columns, one year..... 900 00

Thirty-seven columns, one year..... 925 00

Thirty-eight columns, one year..... 950 00

Thirty-nine columns, one year..... 975 00

Forty columns, one year..... 1000 00

Forty-one columns, one year..... 1025 00

Forty-two columns, one year..... 1050 00

Forty-three columns, one year..... 1075 00

Forty-four columns, one year..... 1100 00

Forty-five columns, one year..... 1125 00

Forty-six columns, one year..... 1150 00

Forty-seven columns, one year..... 1175 00

Forty-eight columns, one year..... 1200 00

Forty-nine columns, one year..... 1225 00

Fifty columns, one year..... 1250 00

Fifty-one columns, one year..... 1275 00

Fifty-two columns, one year..... 1300 00

Fifty-three columns, one year..... 1325 00

Fifty-four columns, one year..... 1350 00

Fifty-five columns, one year..... 1375 00

Fifty-six columns, one year..... 1400 00

Fifty-seven columns, one year..... 1425 00

Fifty-eight columns, one year..... 1450 00

Fifty-nine columns, one year..... 1475 00

Sixty columns, one year..... 1500 00

ONLY A YEAR.

BY MRS. ANNA H. M. BROWDER.

"Only a year since we married! I do not believe Belle cares a whit for me. I wonder how she would take the news if she were to hear I was dead! In this case, which is enough to drive a man mad."

Fred Field muttered this as he walked sullenly down the path leading to his stable one fine July morning.

"Jim, is my buggy ready? Why did you put that mare in?"

"The Judge is so skittish, sir, that there crackers a-flyin' about the streets and all the Fourth don't help him no how, so I thought I'd—"

"Take the mare out! I wish to drive Judge, and bring him to the library gallery when you have him ready."

No one in Fred Field's establishment disapproved of him, especially when he spoke in that low, decided tone, not even his old and indulgent servant, Jim. As Fred re-entered the house, his wife, a fair, graceful woman, met him, and said in a smiling, half-playful tone of command, that any one but an angry husband would have known was meant to hide deeper feelings, which she was as much too shy to so proudly display—

"Fred, I see your buggy coming up. You may drive me over to the Hall. I must be there at ten o'clock, to meet the ladies' dinner committee."

Then order the carriage, if you cannot walk. I have no time to take you."

There was a strange expression on the young wife's face when her husband went into the library and slammed the door after him. She neither wept nor stormed; a servant passing on the staircase, and receiving an order did not notice anything amiss in the young mistress of the house; but common shrieking and tears could not be expressed, that anguish—it was, in truth, not anger—so there was no outward sign, for Belle felt as if the hope of life had left her.

The trouble was a trifle in the beginning, but it had gone on growing; the young wife had been provoking and a little wilful; the husband quick to take offense and unforgiving; thus matters were placed in a wofully tangled state. There seemed no path out of the trouble, too, Belle was willing, even anxious, to advance the whole way in the work of reparation; but that manner was not pleasing to Fred, and only made matters worse.

Two obstacles stood in the road to reconciliation. Fred was not disposed to look over the late difficulties; he was then worse than all, he did not understand the calm, reticent nature of his wife. He had been prepared to show a manly magnanimity over a little scene of tears and reproaches; but Belle never made a scene about anything, and Fred mistook her cheerful silence and assumed ignorance of the late disagreements, for scornful indifference, a careless disregard of his feelings, and false independence, which he resolved to nip in the bud; thus he grew sullen, going farther and farther from each other, in the gloom of misunderstanding.

Belle went to her bed-room, where she attended to some household matters; mechanically, gave various orders to the servants, and then prepared for her walk. She looked very pretty as she stood before the glass, arranging the light brown, wavy rolls of hair, and pulling over the low but broad brow, a modest "sun-rise" hat, whose soft white feather suited well the fresh beauty of its wearer.

"Only a year married," she kept thinking, "and this is the end of it! How am I to bear it?"

"Mrs. Maull and Mrs. Foster are in the parlor ma'am," a servant reported.

"Cousin Fred told us you intended walking over to the Hall this morning, so Jane and I thought we would call for you," was Bessie Maull's greeting.

"Thank you; I am glad to have company."

"Fred had his wagon full of girls," said Bessie, as the three were on their way, "and Jane Foster told him it seemed as if the old days had come back when he was a girl, flirting bachelors among us."

"Fred always was popular with the girls," was Mrs. Foster's remark.

"No wonder," replied Belle, "he is so agreeable, or at least I think so."

"You should have made him drive you over this hot morning," said Bessie.

"And deprive me of such pleasant society as Jane and you?" asked Belle, with a little, cool laugh.

"They reached the Hall just as Fred Field drove up with a fresh berry of pretty chattering."

"Now, girls," said he, stoutly, "I shall not fetch another one of you; you need not ask me. You have kept me anxious all the time. Judge is like his master, this morning—a little skittish and out of humor."

He turned and saw his wife looking apparently very much amused; her face had just the cool smile that irritated him most. Old Dr. Hale stepped out of the gay crowd, that had gathered in front of the Hall entrance, and said—

"Belle, you are a paragon of wives, to let your husband be so attentive to these young butterflies."

"Oh," replied Belle shaking hands with him, "unmarried ladies ought to be generous. Uncle Hale, in order to show the girls how useful and agreeable husbands are, so that the poor single fellows may get wives."

The girls began talking all at once on the inexhaustible subject of utter indifference to marriage, unalterable determination to be old maids, etc. etc. In the

clatter, Fred Field leaned over the side of the buggy, as if to arrange something, and said to Belle, unheard by the others—

"Probably, if you had known, a year ago, how agreeable I was going to prove, you would not have taken me?"

"Probably not," answered Belle, playfully; but obstinate, angry Fred, thought she meant taunting assent.

"I wish to God you had it to go over again," he muttered hotly, his fine black eyes fairly blazing with rage.

"Amen!" responded Belle, sadly, and drawing up her scarf went into the Hall, followed by the other ladies, while Fred and the Judge flew off down the street as if stung by the same torpedo. A crowd of pretty questioners met Belle as she entered the room, for she was as popular as her husband.

"Mrs. Field is not the room decorated nicely?"

"Give us some advice about this table, Belle."

"Cousin Belle, how shall we arrange the flowers? Don't you think a large bouquet for each table will be better than several smaller ones?"

There was to be a soldiers' Reception the next day—the Fourth of July—and the ladies were superintending the arrangements for a dinner that was to be given. The above important questions answered, each one went to work; but a brisk conversation was kept up on various subjects by old and young.

"Girls, what are you wrangling about?" asked one of the ladies, of a party that were engaged over a huge bouquet of flowers, but had stopped work in the heat of their discussion.

"We are scolding Hallie King for flirting with Birkett Ames; she knows that he is engaged."

"Fie, Hallie," said Belle, jestingly.

"Oh, Mrs. Field, you need not take me to task," retorted the saucy girl; "I had just as much of a flirtation with Fred Field when he was engaged to you."

"Had you?" replied the imperturbable Belle.

"Then all I can say, my dear, is, that when a girl shows such a fondness for the property of others, there is little likelihood of her having any possessions of her own."

"Hallie's reply and the triumph of her companions were checked by a crashing noise and cries of terror in the street."

They rushed to the windows, and saw a broken buggy, a horse lying flat on the ground, and some terrified men carrying a senseless body into the news depot, opposite.

"Who is it?" asked several.

"That's Charles Fisher's horse."

"No, it is not. It is Mr. Miller's buggy, and his man has been thrown out and killed."

"Yes, it is his black man, Sam," said Bessie Maull. She turned and faced her cousin's wife, who looked as if transformed to stone or chalk. Bessie was a kind little woman, though she would tease Belle once in a while.

"Fred's wife," she would say apologetically, "is such a tantalizingly cool creature, she provokes one."

But now every warm emotion in her nature is stirred up.

"It is Miller's black Sam," she repeated.

"Indeed, indeed it is, Belle."

"No," said the young wife, in a moaning tone, that made them all shiver; "no, it is not. It is Fred. I saw him!"

She rose up from the seat to which she had tottered the instant before, and putting on her hat and scarf left the room, before the startled women could say a word.

"If she did see him," screamed a dozen voices, "how could she know him? Such a mangled fool. Why, one could hardly tell if it were white or black!"

"Did ever any one see so cool a woman as Mrs. Field?" asked another; "I believe the Millennium might burst on her without disturbing her equanimity."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Bessie, sobbing as if her heart would break. "She feels as much as all of us put together. And with this repentant confession of faith in 'Fred's wife,' the little, impulsive woman rushing out of the room ran down stairs, filled with one idea—to help Belle. As she reached the Hall entrance, she saw her son Frank driving his cousin Belle up the hill, towards her home.

"I told her she had better get out of this crowd," said Bessie's brother, Captain Hale. "She can do no good. We are going to take poor Fred right up."

"It is Fred, then! Oh, Harry, is it so bad?"

"Very, very bad, Bessie. I afraid he will never revive."

Bessie plunged impetuously through the crowd into the news depot.

"Come out, little wife. There, there, dear, do not sob so bitterly. He is breathing, and Uncle Hale thinks if we can get him home, he may be able to save him," said Mr. Maull, as he helped Bessie out of the crowd, soothing and quieting her.

"Yes, yes, dear, he is not dead. Go tell poor Belle. But do not walk up that hill. You will kill yourself."

His wife made no reply, but still weeping, flew like a bird up the steep hill, to carry the good news of Fred's being alive to Belle, as some little atonement for her many teasing acts, which now came back on her remorseful conscience with redoubled force.

Poor Belle! As Frank Maull drove her home, she seemed to grow colder and colder.

"We parted in anger," was all she could think. She said not a word, uttered no moan, shed no tear, but sat upright, gazing straight before her, out of eyes that looked like glittering blue ice.

"To my dying day," said Frank Maull afterwards, "I shall remember cousin Belle's face. I gave only one look back at her—that was enough. She was worse than a dead woman."

Bessie Maull found Belle standing deathly still in her bed room. Her startled maid was putting away the hat and scarf in the wardrobe, looking sideways, with a keen, questioning eye at her mistress, whose strange paleness and cold eyes alarmed her. She whispered to Bessie, as she passed her—

"What is the matter Mrs. Maull? Mrs. Field has not spoken a word since she came in."

"Oh, it is not so bad as we thought, Belle," sobbed Bessie. "They are bringing him home. Uncle Hale thinks he can save him. Come, Katie, let us help Mrs. Field get the bed ready. Mr. Field is badly hurt and will be here soon."

Belle did not even then give up; with dry eyes she summoned the servants gave orders, arranged the bed, had hot and cold water prepared, ice and bandages ready, and Bessie was a tender, fearful little help to her. Presently they heard the slow rumble of wheels, then the heavy groaning steps of men carrying a dead weight through the hall and up the stairs, and whispers of "take care," "mind the turn," "that's right," and Fred Field was laid upon his bed, a half dead body!

The room was cleared; even Bessie, who wished to do everything, was taken out, but the pale, quiet wife, whose hands were icy, it is true, but so very steady that she could give efficient help to Uncle Hale in his painful work, was the only one retained by him, for Dr. Hale loved Belle dearly, and understood her better than any one in her husband's family.

Days of great danger followed, when life just flickered on the lips; but Fred Field was a strong man, and nature came swiftly to his rescue. A fortnight after the horrible accident which had brought him so near death, he opened his eyes on Belle, who stood beside him with a face that seemed glowing out of a cavern.

"I have had a tough tussle for life, have I not?" he said, in a weak whisper, as he drew her haggard face down to his with trembling grasp. Belle could not speak; she tried to smile, kissed him and smoothed his pillow; Fred turned his head over to the cool place, and thought, almost said aloud—

"Thank Heaven! Belle is not a tragic woman. If she were to make a scene over me now, I believe it would kill me; but her coolness and silence will build a fellow up."

He looked at his wife gratefully, and was lulled back into a sweet, restoring sleep, by the cool touch of her steady hands on his aching brow and face, as she renewed the wet cloths and administered silently to his comfort. Nor did Belle Field break down when the danger was over, as the Doctor and Fred feared—Such women rarely do. They go on bearing crisis after crisis, until some day at mid-life, when everything is calm about them, each one sitting down to enjoy the harvest of youth, while overlooking the coming young ones planting their life fields—then a heart trouble springs up, a mysterious come and go, of the pulses, and the strong, steady mother and wife, who had borne like a sturdy oak so many blows that even those who had loved her most tenderly thought her immortal and invulnerable—suddenly falls, sinks down before them and is gone, leaving a void no human being can fill to her family.

We shall not follow Belle Field to that period of her life. Maybe it never came. We fancy not, for Fred was very careful of her in all their long future. This perilous accident had discovered to both the hidden springs of each other's character. A true respect and even thankfulness for Belle's reserved, self-contained nature sprang up in Fred's head and heart, while a thrilling appreciation of Fred's fiery spirit pulsed through her. There never was any explanation; once, and once only, did Fred allude to the past. It was one evening when they were out driving—the second anniversary of the sweet, June day of their bridal.

"Just two years, Belle," said Fred, as he reined up Judge at the summit of a little hill, to look at a glorious sunset.

"Just two years, wife, and whatever we might have felt this time last year, I do not think either of us would undo it now."

Judge started forward a pace or two, a fly had stung him, and Belle, ghastly pale, gasped out—

"Oh, Fred never speak of that again! Fred looked away, and drove on in silence for awhile. The first words he spoke were very practical.

"How well the fields are looking. We shall have a fine harvest."

But when he reached home, and lifted his wife out on the door steps, there, in sight of the silent stars, and the cool stillness of the vine covered gallery, with rose roses and blossoms pouring out a libation of odor around them, Fred held Belle for an instant close to his heart, lifted her calm, fair face to his, and kissed her without saying a word; then her husband and wife entered their beautiful home, and met life and the world with as firm faith and trust in each other as if they had exhausted hours of poetical explanations, and morbid scenes of forgivings and repentings.

DEATH OF KING LEOPOLD.—Leopold, King of Belgium, died a few days since at the age of seventy-five. He was one of the oldest and shrewdest of European monarchs. He has been to some extent 'mixed up' in the Mexican scheme with Louis Napoleon, and furnished Maximilian with the Belgian contingent to augment his forces. In this view the death of the old King of Belgium assumes some political importance. His eldest son, Louis, Duke of Brabant, aged about 31, succeeds to the throne.

The man who takes things easy—the city pick-pocket.

THANKSGIVING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

[From the New York Ledger.]

It was a great red brick farm-house, one side all covered with the scarlet festoons of a luxuriant Virginia creeper, and white doves fluttering fitfully round the eaves—a farm-house that had been in the Jaycox family for full one hundred and fifty years, and yet wore an aspect of thriftiness that did one's heart good to see. To be sure the ceilings were low, and the window-panes small, and the floor-boards neither oak nor walnut, but plain old-fashioned hickory, but what did Theron Jaycox care for that? Where was the use of mere outside show, when all the neighbors knew perfectly well that Theron Jaycox was the richest man in all the country side?

"Theron!"

Helen Jaycox came bursting into the room, a slender, spruce old maid, with glossy, reddish hair, and a trim figure completely eclipsed in the un-Grecian drapery of a blue checked bib-apron.

There was flour on her bare arms and a general atmosphere of cloves and cinnamon, and allspice about her, that plainly betokened the arrival of baking day, even if the red glare of the cavernous oven in the kitchen beyond had not added its inevitable testimony.

"What is it, Helen?"

"Theron Jaycox is our hero, but he is neither young nor handsome—only a stout stalwart fellow of five-and-thirty, with locks brown and shining as a newly ripened chestnut, clear hazel eyes, and a complexion that has been bronzed by all the harvest winds that sweep across his wide lands."

"We must have a Thanksgiving dinner for Thursday, Theron."

"What? all alone by ourselves, Nell?"

"Why not? It doesn't seem right to let the day slip by, like the other three hundred and sixty-four. Just let me have my own way for once, and you shall see what I can do in the cranberry tart and pumpkin pie line!"

"As if I doubted your proficiency, Nell!"

"And such a turkey as I'll roast for you! I say nothing about chicken pies and baked ducks, and everything else that's nice! Theron, don't you remember the last Thanksgiving day that ever our dear mother was alive, when we had the great pyramid of late roses and chrysanthemums in the middle of the table, and Squire Maynard's family were here, and—"

Helen Jaycox checked herself suddenly, while the deep crimson suffused neck and brow and cheek with its burning tide. But Theron quietly took up the dropped thread of her speech.

"And Alice Kearney—yes, I remember it very well. I question if I shall ever forget that day, Helen!"

For an instant Helen's dark eyes met her brother's; both were suffused with a mist of tears. Then she hurried back into the bright kitchen.

"Why did I recall that day of all others to his memory?" she said to herself, as she sifted sugar and rained down spices, and stirred in bloomy raisins.

"He loves her yet—he never loved any one else in all the world—and yet she threw his heart's devotion away like a broken toy, and ran away with the worthless actor just when poor Theron's hopes were brightest. How could she do, how could she? I wonder what he became of her, now—whether she is dead or living! How beautiful she looked that day—the roses in her hair were not half as pink as her cheek, and her eyes were just as blue and deep as I have seen the sky look after a thunder-shower. I don't wonder that Theron loved her—and yet when I remember how entirely she has blasted his whole life, I am tempted to hate her!"

So it dawned bright and cloudless, that Thanksgiving day, with sunshine that rose up in the blue zenith like great billows of gold, and a wind that was sharp and merciless as an assassin's knife!

"You are not going to the city this morning, Theron?"

For the little wagon was at the door with the black ponies before it, and Theron Jaycox was buttoning his brown overcoat, while Helen had run out to the gate.

"Yes, I am, Nell."

"What for?"

"I have business to transact, and more-over, Nell, who knows but I may bring home with me some poor soul to whom the abundance of our Thanksgiving dinner may seem like the Land of Plenty itself?"

Helen was silent.

"Theron," she said at last, as he took the reins in his fur-gloved hands, "I do wish you would get married."

"I shall never do that, Nell."

"Never, Theron?" she pleaded.

"Never, Nell. We must be contented to keep one another company for the rest of our lives as old bachelor and old maid, dear!"

He smiled down upon her as he drove away, but it was not a cheerful smile, and Helen went in with a chill round her heart that was not the touch of the bitter November wind.

"Mamma—oh, mamma, I am so cold!"

"Button your jacket up to your throat, and sit in the sunshine—that will make you warmer."

"There is no more coal, Willie."

"We could buy some, mamma; Mrs. Jones bought a whole wheelbarrow full yesterday."

"But Mrs. Jones had money, my son, and we have none."

Willie Hardwicke looked pitifully up into his mother's face as he stro